7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

SONGS OF GREAT RUSSIA.

A. KHOROVOD SONGS.

(CHORAL DANCE.)

539

1. THE AUTUMN NIGHT.

(*Notchka.*)

Oh, thou dark autumn night,
Thou dark night, and not the last one.
A young and sorrowful maiden,
Here I sit and wait all alone,
I lie down, feeling lonesome ;—
Sorrow and worry overcome me,
Worry about my dear lover.
My lover lives far away,
On the other side of the river.
My dear one walks on the other side,
And waves his right hand to me,
With his black hat in the hand.
"Come over," says he, "to this side!"
I would like to come, but I find no ford ;
I found a crossing, but it is over a pole,
And that pole is thin and the creek is deep,
And the water is so awfully cold in it.

533

The musical construction of this song is based on the principle of *imitation*, which denotes the repetition of the principal melody in harmonic variations, for the secondary voices. The tune is very simple, consisting of a descending scale of notes, in groups of four, and the different voices are beautifully interwoven. The effect is very characteristic and fine.

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

539

2. DUCKY DARLING.

(*Outitza.*)

Oh, ducky, my darling,
Down by the meadow,
My own young one,
Where have you been?
Where did you stay?
Last night, in the woods,
By the willow trees,
Under the raspberry bush,
There saw I pass,
Two bold young men,
Not married yet.
They each had a knife,
They cut shoots off the willows
And made whistles of them.
Oh, whistles, blow not so loud,
Wake not my father dear.
Do not disturb my mother,
Who is over the river,
Brewing beer for the son-in-law.

The principle of *imitation* is also very strongly carried out in the melody of this song, so as to make each part of it important. [533]

---

3. THE GREEN FOREST.

(*Zelionaya rostcha.*)

The green forest roared the whole life-long night,
And I, poor young maiden, did not shut an eye;
I dreamt not, I slept not, I sat up and spun;
And while I was spinning, so lazy I felt—
I felt very tired, with grief overcome.
I had been invited to come to a feast,
To come to a wedding, my false lover's own.
My lover was handsome, so curly and fair,
The horse that he mounted went proudly along.

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

539

4. ON THE SEA.

(*Kak po moriu.*)

Far on the sea, the wide sea;
Far on the deep, blue sea,
There swam a swan with her little ones,
With her little ones, her cygnets.
Suddenly a bold falcon appears;
He strikes and kills the white swan.
The blood flowed out into the sea,
The feathers flew to the beach,
The down was blown about by the wind.
Young maidens went out together
To collect the down of this swan.
There appears a nice young man:
"Good day to you, my dear young maids,
"Good luck to you, collecting down
"To fill the pillows of your lovers!"
All the girls made him a bow,
Only one of them did not do so.
"All right, my dear young maid;
"I wish you to wed my brother,
"And to stand by the side of your bed
"Until your feet are cold and tired,
"And to weep blinding tears."
When she heard this reproach
The girl humbled herself and bowed to him:
"I did not know that it was you,
"When you came and bowed to us so low."

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

B. POSSIDELOTCHNY SONGS.

(SOCIAL GATHERING.)

5. THE BIRCHWOOD SPLINTER.

539

(*Lootchina.*)

My dear birchwood splinter,
Why don't you burn brightly?
Or, may be, you have not been in the oven?
I have been in the oven all last night,
But the wicked mother-in-law crept into the oven,
She crept into it to put a pan of water,
And drenched me all over with water.

This is one of the possidelotchny or social gathering songs, which are used at the *possidelky*, as explained on page 17.[1] The subject refers to the unhappy condition of a newly married young woman, living with her husband's family, whom the mother-in-law does not like and annoys out of spite. The birchwood splinter was used formerly by the peasants for lighting the house at nights. [606] [373]

A long block of birchwood was carefully split into long pieces, like laths, which were dried in the big oven over night; when a light was necessary, such a splint was stuck into an iron fork, which stood on the floor, and the lower end ignited. This splint, even when perfectly dry, caused a great deal of trouble, as it had to be attended to frequently, to snuff it and to renew it. When wet, it was nearly useless, of course, and to work by it was nearly impossible.

In the next piece an allusion is made to the ends of the splints which had been left over from previous nights, and which the careful housekeepers required to be burnt when there was chance to do so, *i. e.*, when there was no company and not so much light was needed.

The simple and plaintive melody alone is sufficient to depict the deep grief caused by the tyranny of the family over a defenceless member of it

1 [See cat. 116 — Analyst]

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

639

6. LATE AT NIGHT.

(*Posdno Vetcherom.*)

I was sitting late at night,
Keeping up the birch splint light,
Oh, hayduck, haydutchiok,
Keeping up the birch splint light.

Keeping up the birch splint light,
I burnt what ends I found
Oh, hayduck, haydutchiok,

I burnt up what ends I found,
Waiting for my dearest friend.
Oh, hayduck, etc.

I was waiting for my friend,
And at last my lover came.
Oh, hayduck, etc.

When at last my lover came,
I embraced him with joy.
Oh, hayduck, etc.

I embraced him with joy,
Wound my arms around his neck.
Oh, hayduck, etc.

Wound my arms around his neck,
While my eyes were shedding tears.
Oh, hayduck, etc.

Asked him with tearful eyes,
Not to stay away so long.
Oh, hayduck, etc.

The meaning of burning up the ends of the birch splint partly used has been explained in the previous song.

Hayduck—in the refrain is of uncertain origin; its latest meaning was that of a servant; haydutchiok is the diminutive of it.

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

7. I FEEL SLEEPY.

539

(*Spitsia mne.*)

I feel sleepy and am dozing,
My head is dropping on the pillow;
My father-in-law is walking in the hall.
Angrily he is making a noise.
He knocks, he raps,
He knocks, he raps,
He does not let the daughter sleep.
"Get up, arise, you sleepy-head
"Get up, arise, you sleeper,
"You useless girl, you lazy one!"

My mother-in-law walks in the hall,
Angrily she goes up and down.
She knocks, she raps,
She knocks, she raps,
She does not let the daughter sleep.
"Get up, arise, you sleepy-head
"Get up, arise, you sleeper,
"You useless girl, you lazy one!"

I feel sleepy and am dozing,
My head is dropping on the pillow,
My dear husband walks in the hall.
Easily, softly he is saying:
"Sleep, dream, my dear,
"Sleep, dream, my own!
"You have been scolded and persecuted,
"You have been given away
"Too early in marriage!"

This is another example of songs which refer to the ill-treatment of a young wife by her husband's parents; only the love of her husband makes life at all bearable to her.

[606]

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

539

8. LAST NIGHT I WAS AT A PARTY.

(*Ya vetchor moloda.*)

Last night I was at a party,
At a pleasant and social party,
At a social party at my neighbor's.
I did not drink mead nor light beer,
But I drank some sweet brandy;
Not from a wine glass, nor from a tumbler,
But right out of a great, big bowl,
Over the brim, till I could see the bottom.
Home I went, through the woods without fear,
I went through the open fields without tottering;
When I reached my home, I stumbled
But caught hold of the post of the door.
"My dear, dear doorpost,
"Hold me up, poor woman,
"The drunken woman, the tipsy fool.
"My husband is a hard drinker:—
"He does not drink brandy, but keeps tipsy on water."

A humorous song, the lively melody of which agrees well with the words.

C. DANCE SONGS.

9. THE ENTRANCE HALL.

(*Sseny.*)

Oh, my new "sseny," built not long ago,
Of maple lumber, with latticed work.
I shall never again walk in that hall,
Never walk there hand in hand with my lover.
The young woman came outside the new gate,
She turned loose a falcon off her hand.
"Fly away, falcon, go high and far:
Go to my native country far away!

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

539

In my native country lives my stern father;
He was harsh and had no pity on me.
He forbade me to walk out in the evening;
I disobeyed my father and pleased my lover."

This song is greatly liked at dancing parties amongst the peasants, but it really was not a dancing song originally. While the time is quick and lively, still there can be heard in it an undercurrent of sadness, and this combination of two opposing feelings is also expressed in the words of the song.

A young woman remembers her former home, from which she escaped against the wishes of her stern father, who did not allow her to atttend the social gatherings of her friends. Her present life with her husband seems to be a happy one, and this strain predominates in the tune, and she wants the falcon to go to her father and tell him so; but then she also has a feeling of homesickness, which can be heard beneath the rollicking tune. [593]

The simplicity of the melody gives it great strength, but it also contains the danger of being easily made trivial by an unfeeling execution.

---

10. KAMARINSKAYA.

What a queer fellow you are Kamarinsky peasant,
As you run stumbling along the street!
"I am running to the rumshop, with a headache.—
Without drinking a peasant can not live."

One of the favorite male dancing songs; the words are humorous, but rather coarse, so that but one verse can be given here, and even that one slightly modified.

---

11. THE MEADOWS.

(*Vo loosiakh.*)

In the meadows, in the green meadows,
There grew soft, silky grass,
There bloomed little blue flowers,
There spread sweet odors.
On that grass I will feed my horse,
I will feed it and comb it:
I will put on its silver bridle,

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

539

Put on the silver saddle,
And lead the horse to my father.
"Dear father, my own master,
"Listen to a civil word:
"Do not give me away to an old man;
"I hate an old man worse than death;
"I can not go walking with an old one,
"I rather stay an old maid.
"I will then comb my hair nicer,
"I will then plait it finer,
"And wind a red ribbon into it."

D. RECRUIT SONG.

12. THE WHITE SNOW.

(*Ne bely snegy.*)

It is not the white snow that shines in the open field,
It is the white stone house of my beloved that shines.
In that house there stands two oaken tables;
Behind those tables sit two bold young men;
They hold in their hands pens of swan feathers.
Near them stands a young girl and cries bitterly.
One of the young men tries to console her.
"Do not cry, my dear girl, do not cry nor grieve,
Thy lover is not going to be a common soldier,
But he is going to join the bold Cossacks of the Don.

[702] The taking away of a young man for service as a soldier used to be as strong a cause for grief to his family and friends, as his death itself, because the term of a soldier used to be 25 years—practically all his life. Therefore the girl is crying before the recruiting officers and all the consolation they can give her is the fact, that the young man will be put into a Cossack regiment—the Cossacks enjoying some privileges over the regular soldiers, such as the election of their own officers, better treatment and generally a more democratic institution.

But the powerful melody of this song indicates another current of feeling, than grief alone. The victorious solemnity and energy of this tune represents the manly response of a young man to his country; we hear in it the self-reliance born in an army which has centuries of victories behind it, which has made the country what it is, and which is ready to go and die for it, when called upon. This bold and calmly strong spirit has already affected even the recruit.

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

539

13. IN PRISON.

(*V temnitze.*)

In a gloomy prison a robber was lying,
Expecting a shameful death: he was saying:
"How soon shall I see the hangman?
"I shall expiate my crime then.
"Do not tarry with your whips, but punish me quickly;
"I have deserved that punishment.
"Let it burn me fiercer than a bonfire,
"Sharpen well your knives for me,
"Beat and cut me, I am a robber,
"And I have deserved my fate.
"A terror in the field I have been, killing and destroying,
"Without regard to any prayers for mercy:
"Like a raven striking a bird did I act."
Suddenly soldiers knocked at the door,
Their bayonets flashed and the words froze on his lips.
"Good bye, my beloved woods and hiding places;
"Do not worry for me, my dear ones!"

E. ROBBER SONGS.

14. THE BOLD MUSTACHES.

(*Oussy.*)

Up 'til now the Mustaches were not heard of,
Nor was anything ever seen of them;
But lately bold Mustaches have appeared in Russia,
In the new settlement of Strogonoff.

They walk proudly about the town;
Their hats are of beaver, with velvet tops,
Their dark gray coats are padded,
Are padded with damask silk.

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

534

The Mustaches have met in the grogshop,
And sat down in a circle by themselves;
The biggest Mustache was the chief of them all,
Gryshka Mourishka, a nobleman's son.

And he says, stroking his mustaches:
"Brethren mine, you bold Mustaches,
"The summer is passing, the winter is near,
"And we must consider how we will feed our bellies."

"Go, boys, and grind up your axes,
"Have the blacksmith make pikes for you,
"Whet your long knives to a good edge—
"For we shall need all these weapons soon."

"I know of a man who is very rich,
"And he lives on a mountain far away;
"He does not plow, but has wheat to sell,
"And the money for it he puts in a box."

[531] In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries organized bands of robbers were frequent in Russia and were a ready refuge for young men, unable to bear the petty restrictions of law and custom at home. As they also often were protectors and avengers of the poor, they were rather popular with the masses: the strain of romance in their mode of life added to the regard in which they were held. For these reasons the number of robber songs, which passed amongst the people was quite great.

Mustache was probably the nick-name of some robber chief, adorned with particularly long mustaches, and his gang may have been called after him—the Bold Mustaches.

[533] A peculiarity of the robber songs is that they are hardly ever executed as solos: many other songs are used by a single voice as well as choir, but these it is customary to render by many voices together. This fact evidently is directly connected with the essence of the subject, which they deal with, as robbers did their work also in organized bands.

This same feature is observed in the laboring songs, which are translated herein; they also must be sung by a choir, as the work must be done by a gang of men together.

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

F. BARGEMEN'S SONG.

539.

16. VOLGA.

Down the Volga, down our mother river,
Down the broad and long river,
A storm has arisen,
Not a little storm either.
The waves run high;
Nothing can be seen in the waves,
But a small red boat.
White shine its sails,
And black are the caps of the rowers.
The master stands at the stern,
Dressed in his best attire.

This song is a favorite one with the bargemen on the river Volga, and is also much liked all over Russia; hardly a boating party takes place without the singing of the *Volga*.

This song originated amongst the robbers who used to infest the river Volga in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; they organized themselves into large bands and captured vessels; sometimes they were powerful enough to go out to sea and take and plunder large towns on the coast. [539]

The song describes the sailing of a band on the river in stormy weather; the crew is well dressed and the chief is in holiday attire. They are going down the river, and are going to carry away a young woman, who is waiting for them.

The song is quite old, several hundred years, but has been preserved in nearly the original form. The sustained boldness and freedom of the tune seem in perfect consonance with the storm on a broad and deep river.

G. LABORING SONGS.

17. HEAVE, HO!

(*Ay, oukhnem.*)

Oh, heave, ho!
Oh heave ho!

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

539

Once more heave, ho, once more heave!
We untwist the little birch,
We untwist the curly one!
Ay, da da, ay da,
Ay, da da, ay da,
We untwist the curly birch!

---

18. HEAVE, HO, STRIKE UP!

(Oukhnem, grianem!)

All through the dark night, the long dark night,
The autumn night, the long one,—
We heave, Strike up!
The boss calls out to us: "Heave, ho!"
And we heave, strongly we row.
Oh, heave! Strike up!

---

19. DOUBINOUSHKA.

(Little Club.)

Here, old woman, be not angry
Catch hold of the oven lid!
Oh, doubinoushka, let us come down,
At the green one we'll pull;
We'll pull, we'll pull,
Come down!

Pull your baking out of the oven,
And treat your guests to some of it,
Oh, doubinoushka, etc.

Here our prince stands waiting,
For a chance to kiss his princess.
Oh, doubinoushka, etc.

The guests ask the young couple
To sweeten the drinks by kisses.
Oh, doubinoushka, etc.

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

539.

And for your bread and wine,
They will put rubles on the plate.
Oh, doubinoushka, let us come down,
At the green one we will pull.
We'll pull, we'll pull.
Come down!

The laboring songs here given are very common in Russia, where nearly all labor done by the concerted effort of a crowd is accompanied by a song.

The first two were originally bargemen's songs, but have been carried all over the country by this time. The tune is very simple but extremely picturesque and effective; the *oukhnem* represents phonetically the release of the breath after a violent effort—*oukh-* ; the meaning of *untwisting* the birch or the club has been lost to us during the progress of the song through many ages.

The expression of the melody is one of great physical effort and also of power to carry it on and to overcome obstacles.

A fine effect is produced by starting No. 17 pianissimo with a gradual crescendo, as if the choir was at first far away and approaches while pulling a boat; in the middle—the full power of the song is heard by the audience, and, the crew going on, the song diminishes in strength and finally fades away.

A pure laboring song is No. 19, which cheers up the tired men at work wherever the Russian language is heard. It is started as a solo by the leader of the gang, in most any kind of words, often extemporized; the choir takes up the refrain.

In our version it has been adapted to the humorous incident at the wedding. 1

H. WEDDING SONGS.

20. GLORIFICATION.

Praise be to the Lord in Heaven, Glory!
To our prince* on this earth, Glory!
May our prince never grow old, Glory!
May his festal dress never wear out, Glory!
May his good horses never break down, Glory!
May his faithful servants never fail, Glory!

1 [See cat. 116, p. 23--Analyst]

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

• 539

May the right shine in our country, Glory!
Brighter than the sun, Glory!
May his treasure chest, Glory!
Always be full of gold, Glory!
May his glory descend, Glory!
By the great rivers to the sea, Glory!
And by the creeks to the flouring mill, Glory!
This song we sing to the bread, Glory!
And we offer praise to the loaf, Glory!
As a solace to the old people, Glory!
And for the public to hear, Glory!

This song has been utilized by Beethoven in his op. 59, Rasoumovsky Quartet in F.

*By *prince* and *princess* are meant in this song, the newly married people.

539
524

21. THE SOWING OF THE MILLET.

(*A mi prosso Ssegali.*)

[776]

This song is at least a thousand years old and dates from the heathen times of Russia, as the invocation of Lado, the deity of the Spring testifies. It typifies the custom of obtaining the bride by purchase.

The first chorus begins:

We have sown, we have sown millet,
Oy, Did-Lado, we have sown,

to which the other replies:

But we will trample it, trample it,
Oy, Did-Lado, will trample it.

Then the two choruses sing alternately:

1. But with what will you trample it?
2. Horses will we turn into it.
1. But we will catch the horses.
2. What will you catch them with?
1. With a silken rein.
2. But we will ransom the horses.
1. What will you ransom them with?

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

539
524

2. We will give a hundred roubles.
1. A thousand is not what we want.
2. What is then you want?
1. What we want is a maiden.

On this, one of the girls in the second choir goes over to the first, the two sides singing, respectively "Our band has lost," and "Our band has gained." The game lasts until all the girls have gone from one side to the other. Of course in the concerts the action is abridged.

---

22. WHAT DUST IS THAT ON THE ROAD.

539

(*Chto vo pole pilno.*)

Dear Mother, what is that dust on the road?
Beloved, what dust is that on the road?
My child, the horses are playing and running about,
My sweet child, the horses are playing and running about.

Dear mother, visitors are entering the yard,
Beloved, visitors are entering the yard!
My child, fear not, I shall not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not and be not scared.

Dear mother, the guests are mounting the porch,
Beloved, the guests are mounting the porch!
My child, fear not, I shall not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not, I'll not let you go.

Dear mother, they are entering the front room,
Beloved, they are entering the front room!
My child, fear not, I shall not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not, I'll not turn you away.

Dear mother, they are sitting down at the table,
Beloved, they are sitting down at the table!
My child, fear not, I'll not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not, I shall not give you away.

Dear Mother, they are taking down the holy image,
Beloved, they are blessing me with the holy image!
My child, the Lord be with you,
My sweet one, the Lord be with you!

7: Lineva B-5 (no date) 1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

23. THE MATCHMAKER.

(Svatoushka.)

• 539

Matchmaker, you old matchmaker,
You stupid matchmaker;
You went after the bride, you came into the kitchen garden,
You spilled a keg of beer all over the cabbages,
You saluted the fence, you worshipped the door post.
Oh, door post, you good door post,
Show him the way to go after the bride.
Matchmaker, take a hint:
Pull out your purse,
The money in it is jumping about,
And the girls like the looks of it.

---

24. I WALK ABOUT WITH THE WREATH.

(Sso vyunom ya khojou.)

I walk about with the wreath,
I walk with the golden one;
I know not where to put it down,
I know not where to lay the golden one.
I will lay the wreath,
I will lay the new one,
In the bridal pair's room,
At the head of their bed, --
And may it do them good.
How can I redeem the wreath?
What can I give for the new one?
I will give for the new wreath
Two pieces of gold,
Three or four pieces of silver,
And two pacing horses.

7: Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RF1 Great Russia RF1

539

25. A GREEN PEAR SWINGS IN THE GARDEN.

(*Zelonaya grousha.*)

A green pear swings in the garden.
Dear Mary is crying bitterly,
The daughter of John is wailing loudly
Before her beloved father,
Before her beloved mother,
Because she is going away with strangers.

---

26. ACROSS THE RIVER.

(*Kak za retchkoy.*)

Across the river, across the swift one,
Ay, luly, luly, the swift one,
Was walking a fine young man,
Ay, luly, luly, a fine young man;
His head was brown and curly,
Ay, luly, luly, brown and curly,
The hair was combed nicely,
Ay, luly, luly, nicely.
There came to meet him some young girls,
Ay, luly, luly, some young girls.
"Sell us, oh fine young man,
Ay, luly, luly, fine young man,
"Sell us your brown curly hair!
Ay, luly, luly, curly hair!"
"You foolish senseless girls,
Ay, luly, luly, foolish girls,
"I need my brown curls myself,
Ay, luly, luly, need myself;
"I am single yet and I need them,
Ay, luly, luly, I need them,
"To help me to get married,
Ay, luly, luly, get married!"

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFl Great Russia RFl

• 539

27. THE LITTLE DUCK.

(*Outousńka.*)

A little duck was bathing herself in the sea,
A little gray duck was splashing about.
It went on the beach, shook itself, and said:
"How can I go away and leave the sea,
"How can I fly away from this high shore?
"The cold winter is coming,
"The hard frosts are approaching,
"The deep snows are nearing.
"I shall be forced to leave the sea,
"I shall be forced to fly from the high shore."
Young Thekla was washing herself in her room,
In the highceiled room she was dressing,
And bitterly crying over her fate.
"How can I part with my dear father,
"How can I leave my dear mother?"
Nahum is coming with all his friends,
The son of Pamphile with his friends,
He will take young Thekla by the right hand,
Lead her to the Lord's church,
And then home to his house.

7:Lineva B-5 (no date)1893 RFI Great Russia RFI

SACRED SONGS.

539

35. HOLY LORD.

(*Svaty Boje.*)

Holy Lord, holy powerful One, holy immortal One,
Have mercy upon us!
Praise be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost!
Now and forever!

36. LET MY PRAYER BE RECEIVED.

(*Da ispravitsa.*)

Let my prayer be received,
Like incense before Thee!
Offered by my hand as an evening sacrifice!
Lord, I call out to Thee, hear me!
Listen to the voice of my prayer!
When I call to Thee hear me!

37. CHERUB SONG.

(*Kheruvimskaya.*)

Like the cherubim, secretly worshipping,
To the life giving Trinity let us sing a thrice holy song!
Let us put away now every temporary care. Amen!
Let us praise the King of all,
With the invisible angels, who offer their praise!
Hallelujah.

38. HOW GLORIOUS IS OUR LORD IN ZION.

(*Kol slaven.*)

How glorious is our Lord in Zion,
The tongue unable is to tell;
Majestic in the skies enthroned,
In dust and on the earth as well.
Almighty is the Lord and splendid,
By day, by night in equal force.

39. THE LORD'S PRAYER.